SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

TOBOGGAN SLIDES AT THE FLEETWOOD RACE TRACK.

Harvard a Little the Favorite in the Comin Football Game-The Betting on Smith and Kilrain-Scottish-American Boxing Competitions - Athletes in Orange - Skatere



EAL/THFUL sport will reign at Fleetwood this winter. Preparations are already making for

two immense toboggan slides, one from the grand stand to the half-mile post and the other from the backstretch back to the grand stand. The "Americas' Winter Carnival Company, of grand stand. The Carnival Company, of New York," composed of such men as Alfred de Cordova, County - Clerk Flack, Sheriff

Grant, Frank Hardy, Gabe Case and Secretary Floyd-Jones, have matters in charge and nothing will be left undone to add to the pleasures of three months' festivities. The track is to be flooded and frozen so that sleigh racing by electricity may have a chance and the space electricity may have a chance and the space under the grand stand is to be cleared out, new fixtures put in and the club-house verandas will be glass inclosed. The park will be made easy of access by means of carriages and sleigh stages, which will be run at all hours from the One Hundred and Fifty fifth street station of the Metropolitan Elevated Railway.

Discussion of the Harvard-Yale game to be played on Thursday is growing heated. Harvard was a slight favorite in the betting at the Hoffman House last night.

It was supposed that 500 people paid their way into the Palisade Rink in Jersey City last night to see a ten round boxing match between Tommy Barnes and Jimmy Larkins, but there was only \$100 to show for it and the feather-weights concluded not to fight.

There were setted between Fowler and There were settos between Fowler and Young and Billy Dacey and Jack Delaney, and a three-round "go," decided to be "an even draw," between Billy Dunne, of Phila-delphia, and James McCormick, of Jersey.

Benny McGill says he will meet Billy Davis at Jem Barclay's Sixth avenue place, draw up articles and put up the money for \$500 a side, skin-tight glove fight to a finish

Five hundred dollars, to bet at evens on Smith against Kilrain, has been placed in Billy Edwards's hands by Mr. Robert Haskins, a Welsh sporting man. Mr. Haslan, in speaking of "Toff" Wall, said the English middle-weight (?) would fight at about 160 pounds. Dempsey can be strong at 140 pounds.

At the second monthly meeting of the Scottial-American Athletic Club, to be held in its club-house on Grove street, Jersey City, early next month, there will be another boxing competition for medals, for amateurs. The special heavy-weight bout between J. McCormick and J. J. Van Houten ought to be a good one. It is to be an eight-round contest this time. McCormick got the decision in a former contest between these men. The Scottish-Americans are trying very hard to get together money to build a new athletic get together money to build a new athletic get together in City.

The Manhattan Ath'etic Club's annual elec-

Ned Plummer, the well-known sporting reporter, leaves on Saturday by way of Havre or Bremen to witness the Smith-Kilrain

The Orange (N. J.) Athletic Club will have

IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

A Realistic Story of New York



and trimmings, then in Fourteenth street, just eight years ago coming this December. Let me see. That would make her nineteen. But she was so roundly built

were two girls who lived over in that direction

who were generally her companions. They were both in Stammis's place and were known as Lida Mallon and Kate Murphy.

Eighteenth street. Lida Mallon was a little vivacious, red-headed creature, with here and there a

altogether the most sedate." The girls in Stammis's said she had been married, but girls have a way of guessing at these things that I do not under-

noticed Lida or Kate as they passed along. Somehow Maggie caught all the attention. It's hard for 'Pon my word, if you were to ask me how I couldn't explain it to you. I've heard men discuss it for hours and always disagree as to What it was, but always agree that it was there. She was a trifle above the medium height. But she always looked taller than she really was. I've seen bets lost time and again on her height. She had an erect way of carrying herself, as if she were looking down on you-don't you know, and you couldn't escape the feeling, even if you were six feet high. But it couldn't have been that alone that made people notice, yet women purchasers who went into Stammis's used to say when they had looked at them: "Oh, my, I wonder who she is with her proud airs." Four years later Alfred Thompson, the artist, said to her one day: "My dear, the Graces built you, but it was Giotto him-

You've seen it on the mountain side in September when the skies were blue. You may have noticed it sometimes in the ashes of your best cigar as you flipped it off in a blue saucer. And right over these mild, changeable eyes were two darkish eyebrows that were the oddest you ever saw. In the first place, they were darker than the reddish-brown hair on her head, which hair was exactly the color of pulled taffy, whereas these

its winter games at Orange on Monday even-ing, Nov. 28. There will be fifteen events, among them a three-logged race, a hitch and kick, a high kick and a sack race.

Arty Kirker, the Harlem sporting man, says he didn't enjoy himself at the Smith-Curtin fight, at the West Side Driving Park, in Jersey City, last week, a bit. He was rolled on the floor by the mob with whom he tried to get out of the windows, was captured, and locked up over night. One Bleecker street sport, with his usual luck, managed to escape through a window, silk hat and all.

The National Amateur Skating Association will have its regular meeting a week from tonight at the Grand Union Hotel. Besides the annual election a programme of the winter's sperts will probably be mapped out.

. . . Gus Walton, the old-time amateur cham-Gus Waiton, the old-time amateur cham-pion skater, and his cousin made remarkably good time in a walk from the Windsor Hotel, at Forty-seventh street, to One Hundred and Forty-ninth street and Mott avenue, Sunday afternoon. They made the journey uptown in one hour and thirteen minutes, not walk-ing in such a manner as to attract attention. Coming back it was dark enough for them to spurt in their walking, without making meespurt in their walking without making spec-tators think them crazy, and the distance home was covered in one hour six minutes— two hours and nineteen minutes for the round trip.

That wonderful "put" of the sixteenpound shot by George Gray, of Canada, at
the Mott Haven grounds on Saturday wasn't
as wonderful a thing in the shot-putting line
as are Page's wonderful jumps in their line;
but Gray can surely throw forty-five feet, one
foot one inch better than he has yet shown
publicly if he has a mind to. "Why didn't
he do it Saturday?" Well, he got one \$50
gold medal for breaking the record, and
he may want another one next year. He put
the shot only once, when he might have done
much better if he had taken the two trials he
had left. Gray is a curious fellow, as he
showed at the championship meeting, and he
has some funny notions tucked away in his
head.

The remarkable feats of Page and Gray go to prove that athletes as well as good horses come in all shapes and you can't tell how far a frog will jump till he tries.

The cost of the island the New York Athletic Club has just decided to purchase is \$60,000, and \$75,000 additional will be spent in fitting it up. The space, about one hundred yards in width, between the island and the main land, now occupied by water not deep enough to row on, will be filled in and the club-house, which will be commenced with the opening of spring, will have dining and sleeping accommodations for 300.

They say up at the New York Athletic Club They say up at the New York Athletic Club that big Barry doesn't sleep now nights since the talk of a bout between him and Buermeyer started. Buermeyer and some others wanted the set-to to take place after the meeting to see about buying the island the other night, but Barry wanted to wait a while. Buermeyer hasn't sparred in two or three years

You Must Know Your Ground.

[From Harper's Baser.]
Mrs. Ménage—Now that you are so soon to be married and go to housekeeping, Franceline, I would suggest that you go into the kitchen for a

few hours every day.

Franceline—Why, mamma, I am sure that Charley never asked me to be his wife to get his dinner.

Mrs. M.—But, my dear, to know the names of things in a kitchen will give you so much confidence in your ability to scold your servants.

That Nasty Medicine.

THE TREET PRESTY REGISTION.

OCT. 22, 1886.

W. B. Riker & Kon.

DEAR SIRS: A few days ago I obtained two bottles of your EXPECTORAST for my daughter, who has had ung rouble for a long time, and was fast coing into consumption. I immediately stopped the SARTT MEDICINE the doctors were giving her and began on your medicine, following the directions implicitly. I have just given her the last of one bottle, and the result has been such that I feel it my duty to thank you and sak you to publish this statement for the good of others. The pain in her chest and the worrying, hacking oough, which was INCERSANT and most distressing, has RNIBERT DIRAPPEARED. I believe my daughter is as well to-day as she has ever been in her life, but I shall use the remaining bottle of EXPECTORANT, giving small doses daily to make sure. It seems almost beyond belief that a trouble so serious and of such long standing should be CURED IN FOUR DAYS. Again thanking you for this blessing, I remain, yours gratefully, Mrs. HAYWARD,

115% Norfolk st., city. **

PEEPS BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

PLANS AND DOINGS OF PLAYERS OFF AND ON THE STAGE.

Mr. Herbert Kelcey Lifts a Prestrate Damsel and Gladdens a Tender Heart at the Same Time-A Call for John R. Rogers-The Green-Eyed Monster in Harrigan's Company-Interest in the Latest "She."



ACEEDING reckless-ness is shown by fool-ish young women who worship at the shrines of pretty actors and sigh over such lovels

tell, Sothern, Bellew and Henry Miller, as is proved by the following incident which occurred a couple of days
ago. Two elegantly
dressed girls were ago. Two elegantly dressed girls were crossing Sixth avenue at Twenty-ninth street when one of the 11 1 the form of Herbert

Kelcey approaching with its usual rhythmical swing. too nice?" she said to her companion. "I'd give anything or do anything to have that man speak to me." "Don't talk such nonsense," retorted the other; "or if you do, don't let it be so loud." The young woman, however, looking at Kelcey instead of where she was going, caught her foot in the track so suddenly that it brought her to the ground. She uttered a cry of pain. Kelcey, who was but a few yards away, of course was but a few yards away, of course advanced, all beautiful anxiety and tender manliness. He lifted the prostrate damsel, brushed the dust from her jacket with his be-heliotroped" handkerchief, dropped his cane, picked it up, raised his hat, and exclaimed in sweetest tones, "Oh, I do hope you are not hurt!" He gave her one expressive glance and departed. What the damsel said to her friend is not known, but the expression on her face was one of such subpression on her face was one of such sub-lime happiness that Raphael, Angelo, Hol-bein or any other dealer in expressions ought to have been there to see it.

John R. Rogers, Minnie Palmeris marital and theatrical manager, never loses an oppor-tunity of bringing that young woman and (incidentally, of course), himself before the public, At the Brooklyn Park Theatre last week, "My Brother's Sister" was given, Mr. Rogers distributed printed letters begging the audience to answer these questions: "Do Rogers distributed printed letters begging the audience to answer these questions: "Do you like the title of the play?" "Do you like the story?" "Do you like the characters?" "Do you like the songs and music?" and "Can you suggest any improvements?" To the last question one gentleman wrote as follows: "Yes, I can, Put Johnnie Rogers on in a song and dance."

Several members of Harrigan's company Several members of Harrigan's company are said to be extremely dissatisfied because in the new play called "Pete" to be produced to-night they have been assigned very small parts. Mr. Harrigan will introduce two or three new members in this play, and this the old ones do not like. Mrs. Yeamans has a very small part, and Miss Annie Langdon is also in the background. The former lady, who is one of Mr. Harrigan's cleverest actresses, is known in slang parlance as a "kicker." kicker."

The sale of seats for the production of "She" at Niblo's next week commences on Thursday. The interest that attaches itself to the novel is shown by the number of orders for seats for the play secured by E. G. Gilmore. The feeble attempts made to produce "She" out of town have been dismally disastrous. As before stated, no sooner do New York managers announce their intention of producing the dramatization of a book than out-of-town people follow in their footsteps without any facilities at hand. Mr. Hider Haggard's written authorization, sent to Mr. William Gillette, is, of course, simply

an acknowledgment of the announcement that Gillette will pay him royalties. There is no legal necessity for royalties. The inter-national copyright question is, however, slightly backneyed.

Arthur Wallack and Charles Alfred Byrne are in working harness. They have just completed another play called "Temptation." Charles Alfred Byrne is a new and revised edition of C. A. Byrne.

Dixey opened last night in San Francisco. The advance sale before his arrival included every seat in the house, for the opening night. It is the comedian's intention to remain in California for five weeks, E. E. Rice, who is with Dixey, will return this week, if anything definite can be said in advance shout the movements of secretic advance about the movements of so erratic a

The production of "Held by the Enemy" at the Grand Opera-House next Monday, and of "She" at Niblo's, will show Mr. Gillette's work in two of the largest theatres in America on the same evening.

Kher's "Anarchy" is produced by Messrs. French and Sanger, Joseph Haworth and Miss Annie Rohe, will appear in the leading parts. The play may be presented for a sea-son on the road. The indications are that the title will not meet with favor, if the opin ion of outside managers go for anything.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The World" by One of the Best Known City Chefs. At to-day's market prices the material for this linner can be purchased for \$1.

> Lamb. Baked Potato. Celery. DESSERT.
> Corn-Starch Pudding.
> Ginger Suaps. Cheese,
> Chocolate.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib rosst, 18c. to 20c.
Sirboin steak, 15c. to 20c.
Log mutton, 14c. to 16c.
Log mutton, 12c. to 28c.
uglish mutton chops, 25c.
to 28c.
uglish mutton chops, 25c.
to 28c.
log verlag, 18c. to 28c.
linefish, 15c.
linefish, 15c. to 25c.
linefish, 15c.
li

Pumpkins, 19c. to 10c.
Pumpkins, 29c.
Mustrooms, 81 quart.
Onions, 18c. to 29c. halfpeck.
Cattliewers, 19c. to 15c.
Cattliewers, 19c. quart.
Cranberrys, 19c. quart.
Herresradish, 19c. root.
Sweet potatoes, 29c. halfpeck. Rail, \$1.50 der.

Ilabita, '50. apisos.
Venison, '30c. to 25c.
Venison, '30c. to 25c.
Venison, '30c. to 25c.
Venison, '30c. to 25c.
Cauliflowers, '10c. to 15c.
Cauliflowers, '10c. to 25c.
Cauliflowers, '10c. to 15c.
Cauliflowers, '10c. to 25c.
Cauliflowe

I. C. T.—There are many ways by which furni-ture is obtained on the instalment plan. No ques-tions can be answered without a knowledge of the agreement and now it reads.

H. B.—If John Jones is a lawful voter in the State of New Jersey and also a lawful voter in the State of New York there can be no law forbidding him from voting in the morning in this city and in the afternoon in Elizabeth. Each State declares for itself who shall enjoy the tranchise within its jurisdiction.

" NERVE FOODS " FOR WOMEN. How the Bromidia Habit Fixes Itself Upon the Ladies of Boston.

[Baston Letter to Chicago Tribane.] The extent to which the mania for indulgence in so-called "nerve soothing" drugs is spreading may well excite alarm. An apothecary was asked the other day for a small quantity of some sleep-producing mixture. He handed over an ounce bottle of a brownish solution, which he poured from a huge jar that he look from the topmost shelf.

" Harmless, I suppose?" the customer said. "Quite so," was the reply. "Fifty cents, if you please."
"Do you mind telling me just what the pre-

ption is ""
Certainly not. I have the formula here in my book"—turning over the leaves rapidly. "We keep it ready made in quantities, because there is said frequent call for it, Yes, I have it now. 'For each fluid drachm, fifteen grains bromide of potassium, fifteen grains chioral, one-eighth of a grain of hasheesh and one-eighth of a grain of hebbane."

grain of hasheesh and one-eighth of a grain of henbane."

"But those ingredients are all polsons."

"Yes, they are," admitted the apothecary, reluctantly; "but so long as you don't take too much of them they are not at all dangerous."

Perhaps not, But this atuff—it is known as "brominia"—may be purchased by the quart at any chemist's. Its formula is one of the most valuable with which medical science is sequisited. For the treatment of certain nervous affections it is unequalled. But, unfortunately, the bromidia habit is as readily acquired as it is difficult to relinquish, and, the taste for it once obtained, its victim soon becomes a hopeless slave. Pienty of such mixtures are exposed with inviting labels upon every apothecary's counter. Oh, yes; they feed the nerves. Nothing like them to put people to sleep—in the coffin. Pienty of women who are regarded as hopeless invalids by their unsuspecting friends are simply slaves to the nerve-food vice. A drowsy helpiess, and progressive laxiness is the marked symptom of this hunly srtificial complaint.

"Poor Mrs. Simkinsi" sighs a sympathetic acquaintance, "she is such a sufferer. Nearly all her time is speut on the sofa, and her nerves are so weak that she has to take no end of medicine to alrengthen them."

As a matter of fact Mrs. S. deserves little com-

atrengthen them."

As a matter of fact Mrs. S. deserves little com-

As a matter of fact Mrs. S. deserves little commiseration. She would enjoy very fair health did she not keep herself constantly under the influence of poisons. Take her medicine-bottle away and she might be well again. There is a preparation called "avens sativa," a drop or two of which is an almost certain remedy for nervous headache. It is exceedingly powerful; yet there is a lady in Boston who takes it by the plut. She would die without it, she says, and it is very likely. Women buy hogsheads of such stuff. They even feed it to the babies.

A British Opinion of Sullivan.

[Philadelphia Bulletin's London Letter.]
Sullivan is a disappointment. Perhaps it is that we are accustomed to a higher class of fighting person, a more finished lot than those who affect person, a more finished lot than those who affect "the fancy" are secustomed to, on your side of the Atlantic. It may be that our expectations were extravagant. I cannot say. An animal with splendid points is J. L. Sullivan. I never saw a more supero torso; never more muscular arms. But when back, chest, arms and towering stature are extelled, the critic of hone and muscle must become, well, critical. Sullivan has the most indifferent pair of legs I ever saw upon ine body of a gladiator. The clever people—the people who know all about the art and practice of 1e boxe—are not enimored of Sullivan's style. In fact, Smith's reputation advanced a hundred per cent., by sheer force of contrast, as before Sullivan was half through his round with Ashton, "No form, no form," was the remark that was repeatedly made. Neither attitude nor "weaving" met with the approval of good judges. "What a lot of lock he must have had to knock his men out with that kind of stuff!" I heard an old Corinthian say. It is the opinion of the majority of the experts that he has one "swashing blow" and one only that entities him to be considered a big fighter, and that is his right. Everything, in their view, will depend on his getting hat home. Concerning the man's tremendous power of hit-tiny—his brute strength—they say nothing. It speaks for itself. It is as a boxer, as a scientific exemplar of the noble art, that judges of the same pronounce him a disappointment. "the fancy" are accustomed to, on your side of

There isn't a night at some of the theatres that a messenger boy doesn't carry a big boquet to the box office for some actress. The boquets range in price from \$2 to \$20. Men who have no acquain tance with the actress go to the theatre, become smitten with her, and the next night rish into a florist's and commit the folly of buying her flowers. Men usually send their cards and address attached to the bouquet. Some send letters begging the acquaintance of the actress. The different methods of presenting foral tributes to favorite actresses and singers is curious to remark. In the old days they were thrown upon the stage at the feet of the favored ariiste and came directly from the hand of the Jonor. Occasionally the card of the giver was attached to 12s foral tribute. Nowadays it is the custom to hand the floral trib-

He caught a severe cold and had a slight conges-

tion of the lungs. He did not complain. Both the

old folk went along uncomplainingly, but the busi-

ness stopped. It had never occurred to any of

them that John could get sick, simply because they

had never seen him sick. They had grown so accustomed to see him go through his daily toll in the

it seemed as if things must go on that way for-

ever. Now he was on his back. Then it occurred

to Maggie that she ought to be able to take care of

herself, and Lida, who was getting \$6 a week in

Stammis's, suggested that place. So it came about

that Maggie began her career as a floor-girl.

There wasn't any objection urged at home. The

old folks never objected to anything. They some-

I want you clearly to understand that she was a

ood girl. She knew nothing of the world though.

Healthy, happy and unsuspecting, she was just as

amiable and innocent as a good girl can be

Kind-hearted too. Why, she had no more idea of

dirtation than you have of a human barbecue.

If it ever occurred to her that her eyebrows had

hurt somebody her big eyes wanted to wipe out

the wrong with tears. She had had a common

school education, that was all; but she had a

whole stock of things people call intuitions and

teelings. How long do you suppose it took her to

find out that she was not like the other girls in

Stammis's. Why, they hated her the first day

They made fun of her clothes so that she couldn't

nelp hearing it. They called her "My dear," and

tabbed her in the back, as you might say. They

tried to imitate her and acrewed their eyebrows

up, only it was a bad imitation, because, you see,

they did not have the eyebrows. She used to cry a

little at first, all to herseif. But Lida was

her friend and Kate Murphy liked her in a cold

way, so that before the year was out she got a

little hardened to it and didn't mind it.

bat was all.

uences.

utes over the footlights. This is done by the ushers, and as the usher marches down the centre iste with the foral design everybody in the andience knows what is going to happen long before the presentation. The usher crouches behind the leader of the orchestra and waits for his opportunity. Generally the actress knows what is going to happan, and frequently the sight of the flowers upsets her, spoils the effect of the scene and mars the artistic result of the act. To a good many theatre-goers the presentation over the footlights is annoying, and old play-goers have been heard to remark that they hoped the old way of throwing the tributes on the stage would again become popular, believing that the tribute appears more spontaneous and therefore more natural.

The rivalry between the magazines of New York s very great at present. Their market is the growth of intelligence. As their success depends there is intellectual as well as business rivairy and there is intellectual as well as business rivalry and the extent to which this is carried may be seen in the flamboyant promises of the advertisements which they are issuing at this season of the year. Famous names are heralded abroad by the publishers, and moving or taking themes, or fascinating romances or charming litustrations are put in competition with others of the kind until one is almost bewilder d by the spectacle. All this furnishes opportunity for competent writers in every field of letters, and it is certain that never before were the openings so great for such writers every field of leiters, and it is ceriain that never before were the openings so great for such writers in our country. Young literary aspirants are always assuring each other that there is no chance for genius nowadays, but they can learn in the office of every magazine that the competition to secure "genius" is actively pursued the year round.

The influence of the New York magazines upon the literary and artistic culture of the country is very great, and it is a matter of pride that the character of all of them makes them worthy of their fortunes.

their fortunes.

ner dress, one quite within the reach of her who superintends the making of her own gown. The bodice and train are of rich black brocade The petticoat is first a foundation of black silk. are lightly attached at intervals of four inches, bands of moss-green velver, some three inches wide, reaching fr in the waist to the bottom of the skirt. These bands of velvet are siarply pointed at the end and finished with a tassel of braids. The gathering of the lace is so arranged that the folicess comes only between the velver pleees, and to give more grace the bands narrow as they approach the waist. The easy flowing effect of the whole is added to by a ciever use of braid fringe on the lace.

[From th. St. Paul Globe.] Chicago Citizen—Hello, Jones: how is business Jones Quiet.

used to."
''No. I'm afraid I ain't as popular as I used

be."
"What makes you think so?"
"I hain't received an infernal machine this week."

PAIN AND WEAKNESS IN BACK

Pain and weakness in back, side, chest and limbs are nearly always of a neuralgic character and easily and readily cured by the use of Dr. Greene's Neurura Nerve Tonic, which is the greatest medical discovery of the entury. The cure is positive and certain, and a trial of

century. The ours is positive and certain, and a trial of the remedy will not disappoint you.

Dr. Greene's Nervira Nerve Toule has cured me completely of risumatism and nauralgia in back and side, liave here under the care of many doctors for my disease, but to no benefit. I had not been able to attend to my business to three years before I commerced taking the remedy. I will take an oath, and my wife will also, if any is required, that I have been completely cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic. I have lived for ter years at my present address, and am well known.

27 Market at. New York City.

Dr. Greene, the eminent and skilful physician, may be consulted on all diseases free of charge, personally or by letter, at his office, 35 West 14th st., New York. His book, "Nervous Diseases, How to Cure Them," mailed free.

AMUSEMENTS.

trimmings department as you are, my dear girl, to of how she regards me. I've seen a good deal of run a locomotive. He was a vigorous intellectual looking young man about twenty-seven years old. who had kept an active place in college by his muscle. He walked about in Stammis's and tried to prevent the girls from seeing him yawn, and he going to throw herself away on a man that is unbetrayed an unbounded, but the most respectful diminstion for Miss Brush

There were many little opportunities to talk to her, and he told her bit by bit how his mother had insisted on his coming into the store and learning to be a business man, and how he had consented just to please her, but how he was often tempted to run away and go on a ranch. He found out a good deal about Miss Brush, too, partly from such a kindly consideration about him that it was impossible for a girl not to like him. But it took a good while to find out all his good qualities, and girls don't take time as a rule. They jump at these things headlong, as you will see soon enough. That Miss Brush did.

I can tell you pretty accurately how matters pro-

The first month he said to himself: " Wonderfully pretty girl that for somebody. So intelligent, too. I suppose she's as poor as a beggar. She quite interests me."

get that girl out of my head. If I wasn't a man of The third month he said: "After all, what is wealth or position or calling?

"Kind hearts are more than coronets And simple faith than Norman blood."

The fourth month he said: "I love that girl seyond all power of control. She has become dream of my life in spite of me. Without her I

The old lady looked up with well-bred surprise. Why, you don't mean to say that you want to quit Stammis's. I thought you were beginning to show a most unexpected attachment for the

anything in my life without consulting you. I want to get married. Got the girl picked out. She's poor, humble, but angelic. I want you to go and see her, and then tell me if I can do better." Ordinarily Sedley could stop her questions when they were too prying by kissing her on the forehead and knocking off her spectacles. This time he didn't try it. The first question she asked was: " Is she worthy?" To which he drew himself up and replied: "By all odds the worthlest I ever saw."

'How long have you known her ?"

" She's down in Stammis's at the bugle counter. You'll know her by the old-fashioned English pin on her throat. It's a little cameo with a mosaic figure in it. Notice her eyebrows-by heavens"-Restrain yourself my son, what are her parents." He looked at her so hard that she dropped one or

Here he knocked her spectacles off. "Let's determine about the lady first," he said. "'l'll tell you all about the old folks afterwards. "Do I understand you to say that this young

Mother," he answered, "don't be absurd, and Haven't I consented to let you apprais

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE. THE GERSTER CONCERTS In consequence of a slight indisposition of Mass, Gen-ter, the only performed will be jum on THURN A VOY Mesers, ABBEY, SCHOKEFEL and GRAU per pa-pectfully to announce the first appearance in Sec-

AMUSEMENTS.

Mears. ABBEY, BURNING the first appearance of MME. ETELKA GERMTER.
Accompanied by the following artists:

Mme. HELENE HASTRETTER
Prima Donna Controls
Tono
Marjony
Marjony THEO. BJORKSTEN Prima Donna Controller
Fig. DE ANNA. Sarjone
Sig. DE ANNA. Sarjone
Sig. CARRONNE Sig. CARRONNE
Mme. SACCONI.
And Miss NETTIE CARPENTER Vicins Virtuose
GRAND ORCHESTRA of seventy-five musicians
under the direction of ADOLPH NEUENDORFF.
Conductor: ADOLPH NEUENDORFF.
Tickets bought for Tuesday evening may be grokanged
for Thursday evening. Seats on sale at the box-office.
Weber Grand Plano used.

DOCKSTADER'S.
MATINEE THANKSGIVING DAY.
Shild Success, THE
Splendid Singles, for times and Scenery.
New first, part finale,
"Thanksgiving at Washinston Market,"
THREE NEW BALLADS.

STAR THEATRE.
Lesson A Managers—Abbay, Schooffel & Gran.
MR. HENRY INVINO.
MISS ELLEN TERM.
And the Lycem Company
Every night or opp Saturday.
If AU. Baturday.
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TONY PASTOR'S GREAT SHOW. POOLE'S THEATRE. STH ST. AND ATH AVE. 10c, 20c., 30c. Mats. Mon., Wed., Thur., Sal. THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN.

her, and the other night when it was snowing I took her home in a coupé, and had a good, long talk with her. She was sensible and as innocent as a saint and as beautiful as a Madonna, and lan's worthy of her. It's all right as far as I am con-

impertment cap for her son. Mrs. Sedley sat of the counter and made a long investigation through her spectacles, and when she had pretty much made up her mind she said: "I am Mr. Sedley's mother. I've often heard him speak of you. He admires you very much." Miss Brush got slightly red, but she was not dis-

Phere's my card. Come up some time, do, I'm interested in you."

The next day Miss Brush shook hands with Mr. Sedley when she came to the store, and blushed so that the Roman-nosed cashier saw it. It tickled him immensely.

"She is an amazingly fine girl," said Mrs. Sed-" but she paints her eyebrows."

ing up. She told me of your invitation, suggested to her to come up some evening to ten from the store with me, and she said it would be pleasant. I've got to go to Boston for a week. When I come back we'll have our little party, and you must try and like her for my sake, because I shall propose to her then." Spectacle business.

For two weeks the young man, despite his business in Boston, thought of little else than the girl he intended to marry. She had shaken hands and blushed as usual when he went away. There was not the slightest doubt in his mind of

the result. When a man is really in love there are few visible obstacles, and Sedley was as irredeemably in love as a man can be, He hurried back from Boston and went to the store before going home. His eyes roved all over

the counters for the face he had been dreaming It was not there. He thought he saw the Roman-

nosed cashier peering sardonically at him through

her wicket. Lida Mallon came up with an armful of bundles. " Where is Miss Brush ?" he asked.

"Oh, she hasn't been here for two days," " Is she sick ?"

" Ob, no. Haven't you heard 7 She's left." " Left ?" " Yes, indeed."

" Why, she got married."

two of her bundles. He walked away in a bewildered frame of mind. Yes, there was the bugle counter, and another girl with short flaxen curls was waiting on the cus-

But how it happened, and what were the terrible results of it, I shall have to tell you in the next

[Continued Wednesday evening.]



HE was floor girl in Stammis's, fancy goods

and she held her head so high that she looked at least a year older. Every night, at halfast five she had to walk through Fourteenth street to Second avenue and then up to Eighteenth street to get home. There

Every night for a year these girls went through Fourteenth street, turned up the Second avenue and separated on the corner of

Kate Murphy was the oldest of the three and stand. She was a dark, square-shouldered woman Who was rather melancholy and very quiet.

The other girl was Maggie Brush. No one ever self who struck with his divine pencil those two

curves on your forehead. She had a good-looking round face and a clear complexion, with two big eyes, the color of -well, I'm hanged if I know what to compare the painted on it color to. I never saw exactly the same color in any other eyes. It was what the painters call raw umber-a cool, grayish brown.

A patient, methodical, industrious old man, he

little better than a machine. You could see his

eyebrows were sure to make you think she had blacked them-but Lord, she never thought of such a thing, and at that time I don't believe she

her forehead. Poor girl, she couldn't help her tows and a fearble round her nose Where was I. Oh, yes, her mouth. Well, it wasn't one of those little, saucy, pinched affairs. It was a big mouth, cherry red, with two little key-boards in it upon which a deep contraito voice

now I would like to be kissed by that!" Where she got her mouth and eyebrows, I never ould understand. Her old mother didn't have them, and her father, bless my soul, he had a hard, square jaw and two or three white bristles that

never, never could have been beautiful. look like old umbrellas that will not shut up, some now it began to spring out here and bend in there.

as if nature had paniers and corsets of her own and snapped her fingers at the costumers. And so she has, girls-don't you forget it.

he girl of the three that attracted attention. hat men call stunning, and women who are fine-looking."

she was so tired with standing on her feet all day that she used to stop and sit down and rest when on her way home on old Judge Fancher's white marble steps down there near Second avenue. And one night the butter came down the steps and, seeing some one dimly in a water-proof, said: "Come, now, move along, madam," and Maggie innocently lifting her eyebrows at him, he changed his

wine ?"

Where did she come from ? Her father, fifty-eight years old, lived in the basement of the old-fashioned three-story house, that you can see standing still on the north side of Righteenth street, between the First and Second avenues. He was an Englishman, and he had

ived there fourteen years. There were only three of them-the old man, the old woman and Maggie, unless we count in Lida, who spent a good deal of her time there for reasons which I will tell you presently. A little sign on the basement window had this

JOHN BRUSH, Umbrellas Mended and Canes Re-ferruled, General Jobbing Attended To.

and become with years of monotonous drudgery white head through the dirty panes of the basement window at nearly all times, as he stood at his little work-bench in a tick apron and tinkered

A steady patronage in trivial jobs had set in with

SHE USED TO CRY A LITTLE AT FIRST, ALL TO HERSELF. the years. People for blocks away knew that John Brush could mend a parasol or a fan, cement a vase, fix a dog collar or patch a piece of old furniture with wonderful patience and curious skill, and not ask a big price for doing it. He was neveridle. There was always something to keep him busy, and Mrs. Brush sometimes beloed him. When, as occasionally happened, there was a rush of jobs, he sent round in Nineteenth street for Frank Perebeau, a young man who worked in Baur & Ketchum's coach factory, and the two of them would give the evening to it under a little kerosene lamp, merrily enough so far as Frank was concerned, for Maggie was sare to be somewhere about, and if she wasn't, why Lida would be there with her vivacity, and next to Maggie's magnificence, Lida's long tongue and chirropy laugh was Frank Perebeau's delight.

It was a joily picture that you might see of winter nights when the men were at work and the girls coming home from the store, looked first in at the window to see Frank in his shirt alcoves, and through the open door Mrs. Brush, in her white apron, waiting at the little supper table for them and knitting. Then they would burst in, and the great, hearty Maggie would kiss her old about his umbrella, he walked off and forgot to father effusively as if to torment Frank, and the pair of them would race through into the warm back room and set everything astir. Those were merry though humble times, everything went along so evenly and regularly. They didn't want much and they managed somehow to get an enornous amount of happiness out of their absurd affection for each other. But, of course, this couldn't last, as you know

very well. And the reason-I suppose I might as well ac

don't believe it ever entered his head that it was stretching the umbreils business a point when young Finnarty came there three times in one week to have a ferrule fixed. To anybody but old Brush it would have flashed that Finnarty was a virtueso or a monomaniac in the matter of ferrules. Especially when, after coming turee times take it with him when it was fixed to his satisfaction. I don't suppose it ever dawned on John that

as his girl budded out the business of fixing canes began to develop, and that finally walking-sticks with broken joints and rickety knobs set in from long distances, sauntered down the Second avenue, lounged past the basement window, leaned up against the railing and hung round the work-bench with what looked like an awkward interest of the community in knobs and ferrules. III.

often thought since, if she could only have had

would have jogged on.

them pulled out or burnt off, how nicely things

Some months before she went to Stammis's the

eyebrows began to exert their influence. But I

don't think the poor girl thought much about it.

Slocum, the butcher's apprentice, three doors up,

the area railing, and he even alluded to her as

when he spoke to her she turned on her eyebrows.

in a couple of astonishing curves, and he gave a

1 suppose patient old John Brush never noticed

how things were going. When did it ever occur

to a doting old man's heart to suspect that als lamb

must draw all the wolves round his fold, and finally

walk off with the worst covote of them all? I

"sweetmeats" among his rude companions, but

used to whistle her praises for hours at night on

in it, not or the structure of Front Stollers etc.

She laughed at Frank Perebeau. He didn't care for the laugh. It was the eyebrows. Her mouth seemed to say: "Oh, this is the funniest thing I ever heard of!" But her eyebrows seemed to say: "I'm waiting for semebody better

shirt-sleeves, made love to her and told her he was

going to marry her. He had talked it all over with

The next man that came along was Earnest Sedley, and he came along in the most proper and careful way. He was the brother of Mr. Stammis's sister. He had a wealthy mother, and she had got Stammis to make him superintendent of one of the departments in the store. Maggle knew in less than six months that Sedley liked her. In fact, every girl in the place knew it, especially the Roman-nosed Miss Beckwith, the cashler, whose gray eyes were always watching Maggie

Bodley was about as fit to be superintendent in a

Almost any other dowager mother than Earnest Sedley's would have gone down there bridling and asked that young lady what she meant by setting nor

pleased. "Mr. Sedley," she said, "has treated me with great kindness. I don't know any gen-tleman whose good opinion I would rather have." "My dear," said Mrs. Sedley, "I'm going to ask you to come and see me. I want to talk with you.

"Upon my soul she doesn't," said Sedley, flar-

IV.

about.

" What was the matter ?" Mr. Sedley looked at the little red-headed woman; and the smile on her freekled face seemed devilla

tomers. It was all true.

had ever heard of such a thing. It was not the color of them so much as the absurd way in which they arched themselves on

made music. No man ever saw it when she laughed without saying to himself, the brute: "Heavens,

Something more about Maggie. Have a little attence and give me free scope, and I'll tell you if I can, though this is the hardest part. Up to this time clothes had never dressed her-the curious thing was that she dressed the clothes. I hope you know what I mean. She was poor, but t made no difference what she threw on, it fell into the curve of her body and began to get style from somewhere. If she wore one of those hidous and cheap waterproofs that make most girls

Perhaps you understand now why Maggie was The fact is, Maggie was one of those girls stunning with a look of their heads acknowledge During the first week that she was in Stammis's

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, tune. can I go in and get you a glass of water or

away in his spectacles.

One day John Brush fell ill and took to his bed. knowledge it at once—was Maggie's eyebrows. I've

the old folks,

than you.

her, and abide by your decision." ' Have you proposed to her." through her little wicket at the cash deak.

IJohn Swinton in Philadelphia Press.]

Suggestion for a Home-Made Dinner Dress (From a Puris Letter.]
And here is a very charming but easily-made din-

are lightly attached at intervals of four inches

He Felt Bad.

"You don't look as bright and cheerful as you

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MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Sole Manage Manage Manage Manage Manage Manage Matthew at 2, 2 and 2 and 3 and

herself and partly from Lids. There

times looked hurt or sad, and occasionally their watery eyes silently overflowed at something; but This was the step that made Maggie a woman and brought about all the terrible after conse-

> The second month he said: "Damme, I can't ome will I should say she'd mashed me.

shall be absolutely and forever miserable." When the fifth month came he went to his dowager mother and said: "Mother, I've found out how you can make a man of me. You'll have to let me get married,"

Frank Perebeau used to ask her to let him come over on rainy nights and bring her home, but she place." always laughed at him good-naturedly and said " Mother," said the young man, "I never did she wouldn't let him waste the time. John got well enough to work, but he never was as strong again; and Frank came over and helped him out with his jobs, and matters went along easily enough for the year, without any other change than took place in Maggie. She dressed better, having the money to buy clothes, and grew daily more beautiful; and finally Frank Perebeau, in his

> "Six months," Where is she ?"

lady has proposed to you ?" she asked. don't put such a disagreeable accent on 'young lady.

"No, not absolutely. I've got a pretty good idea